THE NEOPOLITAN, OR THE Defender of His MISTRESS.

Done out of *French*:

By Mr. *Ferrand Spence*.

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THE
NEOPOLITAN.
OR THE
Defender of His
MISTRESS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

James Earl of *Arran*,

Son to His Grace the Duke of *Hamilton*, and one of the Lords of His Majeſties Bed-Chamber.

My Lord,

THE *Defender of his Miſtreſs* comes to implore your Lordſhips Favour and Protection, which he knows none more capable of affording him, than a Perſon whoſe ſo many very early Inſtances of Gallantry and Conduct, have made him the darling of all brave Men, and purchaſed him the eſteem and admiration of forreign States and Princes.

The Right the fair Sex does you, and the Juſtice wherewith you may lay claim to all their Eſteem, aſſures this Cavalier of having them favourable to his Intereſts, if your Lordſhip ſhall think fit to eſpouſe his Cauſe, and countenance his Pretenſions. The Conſideration you are in abroad, for the generoſity and ardour wherewith you always fly to the aſſiſtance and relief of the oppreſſed, having moved ſo great a Figure in the World, as the *States-General of the United Provinces*, to court your Lordſhips acceptance of a principal Command amongſt their Troops, in ſo dangerous a Conjuncture of Affairs, and wherein they ſtand ſo much in need of brave and prudent Officers, to oppoſe and ſerve for a Barrier againſt that Inundation of forreign Forces and Power they ſeem'd to be threat-

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ned with; this Stranger did not queſtion but that you would countenance with equal goodneſs and indulgence, the vindication of an injur'd Lady. And to crown all, our moſt Wiſe and Gracious Monarch, whom all the Univerſe does acknowledge to excell all others in the Art of knowing and diſtinguiſhing of Men, as well as in all other things, ſhows the value he ſets upon you, by the moſt Honourable Charge, which obliges your ſo near attendance upon His moſt Sacred Perſon; and by that means proclaiming your extraordinary Merit to all Mankind, our Lover's Ambition left him not at reſt, until he had paid his Homage to your Lordſhip, and liſted himſelf in the Rank of your Votaries.

As

As *Scotland*, my Lord, has throughout all Ages poured forth Heroes, who have fill'd and flouriſh'd not only the Annals of all *Europe*, but the Chronicles of the whole World, with the Fame of their glorious Atchievments and Performances, ſo it particularly makes Parade of the Renown of your Lordſhips Anceſtors, marſhals 'em in the Head of the greateſt Generals of their Times, and ſhows 'em leading on the mightieſt Favourites of Fame, nay outdaring, out-winging Fame it ſelf in its own victorious Carreer. But the whole Scene of your Lordſhips Youth, has tended to the blazoning and augmenting the luſtre of them and their native Countrey to ſo high a pitch, that you are generally own'd to be the Ornament of one

one of the moſt Illuſtrious Families of His Majeſties Dominions, and the Pride of one of the moſt brave and generous Nations upon Earth.

But this, my Lord, is a Theam ſo high, ſo nice and excellent, that it would ſtartle the Courage of the moſt daring Pen. My buſineſs is only to play the Part of this *Neopolitan*'s Interpreter, in begging for him the Honour of your Patronage, and permiſſion for my ſelf to declare the Zeal, Reſpect and Paſſion, wherewith I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

moſt devoted and

moſt obedient Servant,

F. Spence.

TO THE READER.

THE Printer comes and tells me that his Copy falls short, and desires me at the same time to inch it out by way of Preface. Truly I know not what to say, unless according to the usual Mode of Authors, I urge something in favour and vindication of the Book. And indeed I found the Story so nicely work't up, the Letters so tender and endearing, and every thing so natural, that I was in Love with the Composition my self, though I despair that others should be so, or of its meeting with a favourable reception in the World. For now adays nothing is more ridicul'd and out of fashion, than a loving Mistress

ſtreſs and a conſtant Lover; I expect the one ſhould be damn'd for Fondneſs, and the other for a whining, puling Spark, Creatures rarely ſeen in this Age, wherein every one that has not the Air and Character of a Libertine and Rover, is commonly treated with Deriſion and Contempt. Beſides, the Ladies imploring her Lovers praying for her after her Death, will provoke ſome Zealots to blaſt her with the Title of a Votary and Retainer, to the mitred Punk, and for that Reaſon will load her Memory with Infamy, and all manner of injurious Treatment, whereof I am ſure to have my ſhare, as not having prun'd that Branch of Abomination, nor brought her into a kind of reformed Inquiſition; and neglecting to act the Part of a Puritan Miſſionary in making her a Convert. But the gracious Reader will own, that there

is no Crime more hainous in an Hiſtorian, than to conceal or excel the truth: But how much more guilty had I been, who am but the Copiſt, ſhould I have left out what in my own conſcience I thought very pathetick in that place? And perhaps ſome will own too, that it is ſomewhat too Prieſt or Parſon-like, to wrack the dying, and pervert the ſence of the Dead, to the advantage of ones ſelf, Tenets, and Party. Beſides, not to have let a poor Lady have her will, who, alas! had been ſo croſt in her Love, Reader, I muſt tell thee, had been barbarous.

Something too ought to be added in defence, or rather excuſe of the Tranſlation: As that ſeveral valuing themſelves upon their underſtanding other Languages, think to heighten their own Repute, by cavilling and undermining all Traductions. And this I can ſay, that I have heard thoſe

who

who pretend to be Judges, and are allowed to be ſo by many, find fault with and damn Tranſlations, that have been done by the beſt Hands, and were really as good, if not better, than the Originals. But for this I muſt own, that I am afraid I ſhall be as diſſatisfied with it as the Reader can be; for being huddled up in haſte, and having never paſs'd a Review, I fear it will prove but a rough Draught: But if another done with more Care and Time, can atone for the badneſs of this, I can promiſe the Reader ſpeedy amends and ſatisfaction; though I do not queſtion but that I might have my diſcharge and Paſport upon eaſier terms, and that this will ſo diſcourage him, that he will tell me, I might ſpare my ſelf any farther trouble in that kind.

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THE NEOPOLITAN:

OR, THE *Defender of his Mistress.*

YEs, Madam, I am ashamed of being still alive. All my joys are fled; my tears return every day more strong and melting at the least remembrance of my loss, and the only comfort I have left, is, that by the natural course of my grief, I cannot live much longer.

Oh! How happy are the Insensible! They do not enjoy the Blessings of the World, 'tis true; but

what is the greateſt Bleſſing of Life? Pleaſures decay and languiſh, become flat and nauſeous, if they laſt longer than a day, and are often poyſoned with Torments: But are Torments ever ting'd with Pleaſures? The firſt moment of Grief ſeldom fails of depriving us of the power to ſupport the ſecond; ſeldom fails of making us loſe the remembrance of paſt delights. Once more happy are they who are born without ſenſe and without knowledge.

You know, Madam, I might reckon up all the days of my Life by ſome new Misfortunes: I have nevertheleſs ſupported them with conſtancy enough; but this is above my Philoſophy. I know this reflexion has made your Ladiſhip afford ſome tears to my mournful condition, and I own that in any other diſtreſs, their value would have been ſome comfort to me, and ſome allay

to

to my ſorrows. But as I now ſhould be blame-worthy, were I capable of receiving any conſolation, ſo you deface by unjuſt reproaches, all the acknowledgment I might have owed to your pity. No, no longer am I mindful of your tears, when you in the leaſt diſapprove of thoſe Sentiments which *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* has had to my advantage.

Alas, Madam! if you were in the leaſt acquainted with the Aſcendant of that power which we do not comprehend, and which conſtrains us to love, you would eaſily perceive, that how well furniſh'd ſoever we may be with experience and ſtrong reſolutions, there often remains no other courſe, than that of yielding without reſiſtance. This unhappy inclination, ſo ſtrong and ſo incomprehenſible, makes a May-game of our Efforts: It dazles, it repreſents all things pleaſant and

agreeable, and sometimes by a malignity more cruel than the blindness wherewith it blasts mankind, it displays to the eyes the dangers with which it is attended. Yes, sometimes it suffers us to know the ill consequences of an amorous engagement; and thus all its methods and advances tend only to exercise the more tyranny over the hearts of men. We might say, it is not satisfied with gaining an absolute victory, it moreover seems to aim at the putting us to the grief and oppression of a long and useless Conflict.

Your Ladiship is in the wrong to say, a Husband has no great reason to pride himself in a Wife with so great a magazine of Tenderness; notwithstanding you blame and abhor to such a degree, this violent inclination for Husbands, yet it is undoubtedly what secures and settles their happiness and their glory. They who love with violence, love

but once; those kind of affections so strong, are rare indeed, but they are still the Work of Heaven; Heaven alone without the effect either of our temper or our reason, inspires us with them, and Heaven it self would become unjust, if it rendred them capable of any change. They reunite towards one sole object the desires and thoughts; they make all the rest of the World seem insipid, & unworthy of our amusement and application; it is by them alone we enjoy solid satisfactions. Thus in case you do but in the least examine engagements of this nature, you will find they are the only Amours, that have no need of being supported by vertue and by wisdom.

But besides, Madam, did ever Husband think it a crime in a prudent Woman, her having had for him a strong passion before she was his Wife? Would he have reason to believe, that if in the prospect of

marrying him, ſhe had deſpiſed all for his ſake, that therefore ſhe would prefer another before him, when it was no longer lawful for her to make that preference? Muſt Marriage henceforward be only a reaſon of State, or a Family Concern? Or muſt it be a ſhameful union, when brought about and cemented by love and an ardent affection? Would to God all Marriages had this imperfection, how much leſs repentance and fewer diſorders ſhould we then ſee in the World!

But, Madam, why do you condemn *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova*? You have not been in the leaſt acquainted with the obligations ſhe was under to love me; you know not that what *Mademoiſelle de Mirave* has told your Ladiſhip of her Conduct and Perſon, proceeded from the dictates of hatred. In ſhort, why do you paſs ſentence, without firſt hearing what may be ſaid in her juſtification? If

If I had not received your Ladiſhips Commands, for the giving you an account of our Commerce, I ſhould nevertheleſs have done it in vindication of *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova*; and to ſhow you the intereſt that *Mademoiſelle de Mirave* had in this affair, you will ſee between her and me a greater effuſion of love and tenderneſs, than our enemies could pour into your imagination. And yet I hope this account alone, without the help of all the means that might be made uſe of to juſtifie a ſtrong paſſion, will oblige you to entertain for *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* all the eſteem ſhe deſerves, and might lawfully lay claim to.

About a year ſince, after the breaking up of the Campaigne in *Catalonia*, I went back to *Naples*; I left in my abſence a good Lieutenant in my Regiment; I had leave for all the Winter; and I returned very

keen and eager upon all those sports and pleasures wherein the Nobility spend their time in that Town.

Immediately after my arrival I went to see *Mademoiselle de Miravе*, to whom I had formerly made some Addresses. I found the same reception as before; she told me her mind, and under the seal of confession acquainted me, that before I had imparted to her my inclinations, *Count Fabelly* had besieged her with a violent Love, and had brought her to terms of an entire acknowledgment. In short, she spoke to me with so much sincerity, and I observed in her so much tenderness for that *Count*, as made me think it would be injustice as well as time lost, for me to persevere any longer in those intentions, and indeed I resolved from that moment not to see her any more with my first designs.

After having left her, I went to pay

pay a Visit to the Duke *d'Offanova*, one of the Lieutenant-Generals of the Army, wherein I had my Employ. I found with him *Mademoiselle d'Offanova* his Daughter, who since her Father's return was come out of a Convent, whereof one of her Relations was Abbess, in a City two days journey from *Naples*, and in the way that leads to *Spain*. I had never seen her before; she seem'd to me a Person of a surprizing beauty, and how deep soever my first impression had been, I did not doubt but that she would quickly banish *Mademoiselle de Mirave's* image out of my heart. I returned to my Father, who seeing me in a kind of gloomy, tumultuous humour, made up of trouble and joy, he immediately asked me the occasion; I confess'd it to him, and desired him not to oppose my passion. You know, Madam, the indulgence he has ever had for all I had a mind

to; I would tell you, it had been beyond all example, had not that of the Duke *d' Offanova* for his Daughter, been to the ſame degree: We had received from our Fathers a thouſand teſtimonies of an unparallel'd tenderneſs, and the ſmalleſt token they had given us of their affection, is, that though they both became Widowers when they were very young, yet neither of them would marry again, that they might reſerve for and beſtow upon us all their cares, thoughts, and affection.

My Father ſaw nothing in the confeſſion and requeſt I made him, that could have in the leaſt claſh'd with his deſigns, though he had had leſs complacence for my deſires. On the contrary, he was overjoy'd to ſee me raiſe the ſiege I had laid to *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*, which diſpoſition of his did more than a little contribute to the fortifying and enflaming my paſſionate ſentiments.

He

He promiſed to make the offer of a Marriage to *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova's* Father, and well knowing by the circumſtances of his Quality and Eſtate, that I was no Match ſhe could deſpiſe, he did not defer performing his promiſe. The Duke *d' Oſſanova* received this propoſal with an entire ſatisfaction: He was none of thoſe Parents who think, that reaſon and vertue are alone ſufficient to make their Daughters love their Husbands; he imagined they could never be happy in Marriage, unleſs they were framed to it by an extream affection. And from the day he was acquainted with my ſentiments, he endeavoured to inſpire the like into *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*; he was perpetually ſaying to her things to my advantage; he meditated all the means to have her entertain all the affection ſhe was capable of receiving. In ſhort, he uſed all manner of ways, to make

her

her figure in me a Husband she might passionately love.

Mademoiselle d'Ossanova, before she knew with what design her Father spoke of me, did not at first seem to be so fond of the discourse, as he could have wish'd she might have been. This made him afraid I had made but little progress in her heart, which grieved him extreamly; and notwithstanding his assurances of never constraining her in any thing, much less in a matter of this moment, yet he fail'd not of unfolding to her, how far he could have wish'd her dispositions might have jump'd with his in this occasion.

Mademoiselle d'Ossanova, upon the knowledge of this desire of his, blush'd after such a manner as was infinitely pleasing to her Father; he did not doubt but that she had an inclination for me, and judged that what till then had hindred her from

from perceiving it her ſelf, was the little freedom which perſons under her circumſtances enjoy, before they have received a command for ſo doing.

The Duke *d' Oſſanova* did then ſeem as zealous to make us ſure to one another, as my Father had been before. They mutually promiſed what they wiſh'd for in that occaſion, and finding it convenient to defer our Marriage, until the Peace was entirely concluded, they publiſh'd their intentions in the World, for the entring into ſuch engagements of Honour, as might not permit them to change their reſolution.

Thus all ſucceeded according to my wiſhes, and I could not underſtand how my ill fortune came to leave me ſo long at reſt, but it quickly fell to exerciſing its uſual malignity. I had hardly ſpent a month at *Naples*, when Orders came for my go-

going to the Place where my Regiment lay in Garison; and though I received these Summons, under pretexts too specious and favourable, to leave me any reason to dispence my self from that Journey, those pretexts were nevertheless cruel and tormenting, since they obliged me to part from *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova.*

My passion did fortifie it self daily, and out of a prudence pretty natural to all persons in Love, I wish'd I were under yet more strict engagements with *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova*, that so I might have the less to fear from my absence. I unbosomed my wishes to my Father; he made me no answer at that time, but after having consulted with *Monsieur d' Ossanova*, he bid me prepare to be contracted the same day.

I found my self far from having then those apprehensions, which persons the most passionate fail not

of

of feeling, when they consider they are going to be engaged for all their Lives, and to renounce that liberty, so precious and so universal a darling. The Ceremony was accordingly performed, and I had the happiness to find in *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova*'s Looks, consent and joy sufficient, as to hope for all the blessings of a mutual inclination.

You know without doubt, Madam, with what new beauties of Wit and Body she appeared at her next return to *Naples*, the rumour whereof was bruited over all *Spain*; and these advantages being supported by an illustrious Extraction and an immense Fortune, enflamed several young Lords of the Court to make her their Addresses. I had seen several of them before my departure from *Naples*, yet whether it was that they had no great advantages over me, or that after having known of the engagement *Mademoi-*

moiſelle d' Oſſanova was under, they found it to no purpoſe to make their Courtſhip there; I was neither frighted at their concurrency, nor uneaſie at any of their aſſiduities.

But in ſhort, I was not born to be happy. The Man, the moſt popular, and poſſeſs'd of the greateſt advantages of Perſon and Fortune in all *Spain*, (and it is ſufficient that I name the Prince of *M.*) arrived in a few days after my departure. He found in *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova* all the charms that her fame had filled his fancy with; the terms ſhe was in with me did not make him deſpond in the leaſt. He fell in love with her, and relying upon his extraordinary merit, and upon a great paſſion, he fancied he might reaſonably entertain hopes of ſucceſs in his Addreſſes. At firſt he ſpoke not of any deſign for *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, for fear that not having taken time ſufficient to ruine me,

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in the kind diſpoſitions of her Father and her ſelf, he might have met with a repulſe. Nevertheleſs he made her daily Viſits, but it was only under the mask of ſeeing the Duke *d'Oſſanova*, whoſe Houſe Count *Fabelly*, his intimate Friend, and all the young Lords, who were Officers in the Army, did commonly make their rendezvous.

In the mean while I let no occaſion ſlip of writing to *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*; and her Father being perſwaded, that my Love would augment ſuitably to the returns and acknowledgments ſhe made, took care her anſwers ſhould be in ſuch terms and ſentiments, as were the moſt favourable he could find. Never was Woman under ſuch apprehenſions for her Lovers return from the Campaigne; never did Woman ſuffer ſo much for an abſence, nor expreſs her fears and torments with ſo ſoft and charming a goodneſs.

But

But the Letters of that time are not what your Ladiſhip diſapproves; you ſay they are excuſable, wherefore I will not dwell upon them.

I went to my Regiment, and there I had the news of the Peace being concluded, and found that the pretexts under which I was ſent for, were really to my advantage. My Regiment was kept ſtanding, and I was promoted to the Place you know of.

The Duke *d' Oſſanova* was not deceived, in the means he thought ſo proper, for the making me the more in love with his Daughter. The teſtimonies ſhe gave me of her affection, did daily enlarge her Empire in my boſom, and I ſpoke my joy and my acknowledgment to her with ſo much tranſport, as fortified in her the ſentiments her Father had inſtill'd.

Perhaps, Madam, this account will be tedious to your Ladiſhip; but

but by reaſon the juſtice you are to render *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, does depend on the knowledge of our engagement, on the humour of our Parents, and the ſhare *Mademoiſelle de Mirave* had in all this buſineſs, I could not hinder taking a Circuit ſomewhat large, to come to that Letter you ſo much condemn, and to thoſe others I am to ſpeak of.

On the other ſide, I have almoſt ſaid enough to give you ſuch an Idea, as may make you judge by your ſelf, without the help of my Reaſons. Thus I'le paſs over the time I was abſent from *Naples*, and return to ſpeak to you of the Letter which you have ſent me tranſcribed.

When I went to ſee *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, I found with her the Prince *de M.* I muſt own that his good mean and carriage, with the luſtre he received from the grandeur

deur of his Family, gave me so much disquiet, as I was afraid I should not always sufficiently conceal. I went away before him, and the Duke *d'Ossuna* being surprized at so sudden a departure, having accompanied me to his door, hinted it to me after such a manner, as spoke the sadness I had given him, was little different from that I had my self. I frankly declared to him the umbrage I had taken, and when he knew it, he reproached me with some severity for the little confidence I had in his word, and in the assurances I had received from his Daughter. So as before we parted, all my doubts and discontents were dispers'd and vanish'd.

Do but admire, Madam, the good nature of this Father, and how sincerely he wish'd to make me love his Daughter, that she might so with the more ease give me all her affection. As soon as the Company was

gone

gone from his Houſe, he took her into his Cloſet, told her a thouſand things, for the perſwading her to love me as a man ſhe was infallibly to marry; told her, that her conduct was now to be ſuch, as favour'd much leſs of the authority and priviledges of a Miſtreſs, than of the regularity of a Wife towards her Husband; added, that neither was ſhe now to neglect ſetting my mind at reſt in all manner of occaſions. In ſhort, without making any farther requeſt or propoſal of his own, he ſpoke to her with ſo much art and inſinuation, as engaged her to deſire him of her ſelf, to ſend her immediately back to the Convent from whence ſhe came.

On the morrow ſhe went thither accordingly. I ſaw her there the ſame day ſhe arrived, and was with her a pretty while. The delight ſhe took in having given me ſo natural a proof of her affection, and of ſee-

ſeeing me again after ſo long an abſence, was infinitely augmented by the joy of hearing ſpeak what a perſon loves, ſo different from that of receiving only Letters. She treated me with a thouſand endearments; and being the firſt time I had perſonally received any, though they were rather childiſh than ſatisfying, ſhe was ſo much out of countenance as obliged her to leave my company.

I could not imagine the occaſion of her departure; was ſtill in hopes ſhe would return; expected her for above an hour, and when I came to my Lodgings, I found there this Letter, to which you give ſo odious an Interpretation.

A LETTER.

I Went away ſomewhat abruptly, I muſt confeſs; but do not therefore think me the more angry. The diſ-

diſorder you ſaw me in, ought to ſerve for an excuſe to the ill humour you may poſſibly complain of. Excuſe it then, I conjure you, and remember, that the firſt tryals Love makes upon a young heart, fail not of doing ſuch a violence to our modeſty, as produces ſuch a ſhame as a young Woman is not always Miſtreſs of.

This, Madam, is the whole Letter. Your Ladiſhip had it given you more ample, but what was added thereto, I can aſſure you, was never written to me; and if I ſhould ever again have the fancy of going into *Spain*, you ſhall ſee the Original to be the ſame with this Copy I ſend you. Thus I only anſwer for what I have now tranſcribed.

You tell me, that theſe words, how plain ſoever they may appear, do certainly ſpeak a perſon diſſolv'd in joy, and that this nevertheleſs is not what ſeems to your Ladiſhip

moſt

most extraordinary therein. A mischance, you say, might happen to a Woman; but that this Woman should write immediately to a Man, and let him know, that she is not sorry at the victory he has obtained, it is, you say, giving him thanks, it is demanding new conquests, it is the highest flight of impudence.

But give me leave to tell you, Madam, you are a little too hasty upon this Point, and few enemies could have subtilized more cruelly. Any other than your Ladiship, notwithstanding the effect of prepossessions and prejudice, would have answer'd, that in so very tender an age, the first disorder a Woman is sensible of, by example, at the sight of a Man she loves, is her first tryal that can produce shame; would have answered, that this motion of confusion being only the effect of a niceness, or an innocent timidity, dissipates of it self at the first reflexion;

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would likewiſe have ſaid, that the young Miſtreſs being perſwaded of having done nought to leſſen her in her own eſteem, nor in that of a man, who is one day to be her Husband, has nothing more, than the fear of having diſpleas'd that Lover by a departure, which he might interpret contrary to the paſſion ſhe owes him. Again, Madam, any other than your Ladiſhip, would have had compaſſion of the diſorder *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* was in, or would at leaſt have ſuſpended her judgment until a farther acquaintance. And indeed the higheſt injuſtice could not have eſtabliſhed a more extravagant opinion. A young Lady muſt not, forſooth, now adays be out of Countenance when a Man eyes her attentively; or if ſhe be, bluſhes, and is ſurprized in ſo doing, ſhe is to be condemn'd as ha-

ving committed a Crime. If then after having out of modeſty fled the preſence of that man, ſhe appears before him again, you muſt then cry out that ſhe is an impudent Creature, who comes to offer him a ſecond victory. In ſhort, Women muſt not breathe now, or their leaſt motions will be infamous extravagancies.

But I am to blame, Madam, for preſſing you ſo hard; and I am certain, that before you have read ſo far as this, you'l repent of the injurious thoughts you harbour'd. You knew not the character of the affection *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* had for me, nor after what manner it was approved of. They concealed from you how the Letter was written in a Convent; they knew not yet univerſally at Court the engagement we were under, by Ceremonies which no leſs au-

thorized it, than the Wills of our Parents; they had had the malice to tell you, that this Letter had been the laſt of all, for to make you the more eaſily believe, that it could not be more ſtrong than the former, without containing as much myſtery as you have attributed thereto. In ſhort, the perſons who ſpoke to you of *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova*, were not ſuſpected, becauſe you thought them my friends.

All theſe things concurring together, were but too ſufficient to make you give credit to all they had a mind to perſwade you. Pardon me then what I have ſaid to your Ladiſhip upon this occaſion. I obſerve therein too much bitterneſs, and I diſown it, as you undoubtedly diſown the impreſſion you had received.

I often ſaw *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſa-*

nova; I parted from her only at ſuch times as duty required my attendance upon my Father, and ſhe obſerved with delight, that my paſſion gave her every day ſtill new and greater matters of acknowledgment. Nevertheleſs ſhe was not above the tumults that diffidence does produce; Jealouſie is an inevitable miſchief in Love, becauſe we feel it without having any reaſon for ſo doing. I had tryed it at the ſight only of a deſerving man, and *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* try'd it in her turn upon meer Civilities I paid in her preſence to ſome young Ladies, who came to make her a Viſit. She ſent me a Letter, and I muſt own my injuſtice, I could not repent having given her ſuch a diſquiet, as ſerv'd to make me know the whole extent of my happineſs.

The little fidelity that has been

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uſed in the Letter you ſent me a Copy of, makes me fear that the reſt may be treated after the ſame rate. Thus, Madam, to prevent the ſence being altered, of what *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* bleſs'd me with both then and other times, I think my ſelf obliged to impart it to your Ladiſhip. I told you ſhe writ to me upon ſome little peek of Jealouſie, and the Letter was as lows.

LETTER I.

SInce I ſaw you laſt, I have been always thinking upon the ſenſibility of my heart. I know not if you deſerve it; but this I know, when I ſee you in Company, your eyes hardly ever meet with mine. But why do they not? Are not mine kind and melting enough to afford you delight? Alas! they are but too tender, and

it is that which makes you ſhun their amorous glances. You're afraid their languiſhment ſhould reproach you with the little affection towards me, that is to be ſeen in yours. Perhaps I do not well agree with my ſelf, when I complain of your not loving me enough. I know that the pleaſures of a violent paſſion are ſtifled in the number of its torments, and I have perhaps ſufficient matter of pity for my ſelf, without having moreover the inſupportable grief of ſeeing you ſuffer. There is not a moment wherein I fail of giving you in ſecret a thouſand teſtimonies of my kindneſs; but what do you think thoſe teſtimonies are? They are only doubts, ſolitudes, ſighs and tears. All this proceeds only from too much thinking of you; nevertheleſs you are a Subject my thoughts can never dwell ſufficiently upon. All that has not ſome alluſion to you is to me flat and nauſeous, and

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the leaſt pains I beſtow upon my ſelf, though I now beſtow none but ſuch as are the moſt indiſpenſable, ſeem to me of a tedious length. The only joy I have all the day long, when I ſee you not, is, that night will come, and in its obſcurity I may without diſturbance entertain my ſelf on you alone. Then it is that having nothing which diſſipates or interrupts me, I abandon my ſelf wholly to my thoughts: Then it is that I no longer refuſe my eyes the uſe which you have rendred moſt natural to them, and that all drown'd in my tears I addreſs my ſelf to you, I ſpeak to you and tell you a hundred times, Hold, cruel Man, Why do you enflame me with ſo much paſſion? Hold, or elſe, alas, you'l kill me! *When wearineſs at length brings ſleep, do you imagine I entertain it? I drive it away, and love much rather to endure than not to think on*

you. Why are not you here in that moment? You would see more tenderness and trouble in my eyes, than you have in all your heart. You would swear to me a thousand times you'd love me all your life, and the soft and melting manner wherewith I should receive your vows, would render you satisfied with your having paid me them. But because you are ignorant of all you excite in my soul, how do I know but that I may have one day reason to reproach my Father? He is perpetually speaking to me in your behalf, how do I know if these tender sentiments to which he has so much contributed, will not suddenly remain abandoned? If you lov'd me as you should, you would be contented with all these testimonies. No, once again, I dare not request of you the like; and forasmuch as my flames augment, so much I fear to fortifie yours. I am now no longer nice, and

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far from wiſhing you ſhould do for me, what I do for you; I could wiſh that all the moments of your life were moments pleaſant and agreeable: Yes, if all your pleaſures cannot conſiſt in me alone, I conſent you ſhould find them elſewhere. Let not this complacence give you any umbrage; it is no ill Omen: Formerly I would not have pardoned you, if you had received any ſatisfaction whereof I had not been the cauſe; but at preſent I ſhould be ſorry to have raviſh'd from you the leaſt delight. You ought to believe me in this. Thoſe who love paſſionately die to themſelves, they are no longer mindful of their own intereſt.

The joy I felt after this Letter is beyond all expreſſion, and nevertheleſs it was not yet perfect. My Love left me not any confidence in my ſelf; me thought *Mademoiſelle*

d' Offanova would only give her ſelf to me, out of the obedience ſhe owed her Father. All that I imagined moſt favourable, was, that by that ſame obedience, I could flatter my ſelf that ſhe would give me all her affection; and I did not promiſe my ſelf an happineſs, without allay in poſſeſſing her heart out of Reaſons of reſpect.

I acquainted her ſeveral times with the diſquiet I was under. She always received the account of theſe Alarms as a proof of paſſion, and ſhe received it too with that lively joy, that a perſon who loves, receives from the aſſurance of being reciprocally beloved. It was not to her alone that I unfolded my doubts, upon the ſtate or upon the ſource of her kindneſs; I unboſomed them alſo to the Duke *d' Offanova*. You ought not, ſaid he to

to me, to think it ſtrange, that my Daughter did not love you before my allowance & avowal, but believe in a Father, who deſires nothing in the world but to render her happy. If her own inclination had not wedded her to you as much as my will, I would never have given her you, though you ſhould have offered her the whole Kingdom.

So natural an Anſwer gave me ſuch ſatisfaction, as you may eaſily repreſent to your ſelf; but I know not if you could well imagine that which I received two days after, by a Letter from *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*. I cannot expreſs it to you; and though out of ſome delicacy, I might have been afraid, that this Letter was as much the effect of the Cares of *Monſieur d' Oſſanova*, as of his Daughters own motion, I found my ſelf in a certain degree of happineſs, which

I thought it had been impoſſible to attain to. The Letter was couch'd in theſe terms.

LETTER 2.

WIll you ſtill ſay, I do not love you, after having brought me to this paſs? It is now ſeven a Clock; I have been theſe four hours at my Window, enjoying the fineſt proſpect in the World. All is calm in Nature, and for my part I bewail that bleſſed tranquillity which I too enjoyed before I fell in Love with you. I know not what felicities my deſtiny has in ſtore for me, but I foreſee and expect but a very ſmall ſhare. All the reflexions I now make are cruel and tormenting. If I propoſe to my ſelf to have eternally the complacence of ſacrificing to you my inclinations, even to the leaſt jealouſie that I might conceive, me thinks im-

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mediately that you may call insensibility such a sacrifice, as is only the effect of an excess of Love. As soon as I afford my self the joy of considering, that I have for you the most insurmountable inclination, that heart was ever yet toucht with, I am troubled with the fear lest you should imagine, that this sensibility, though so great, proceeds less from you than from my own temper, and that I should have been capable of loving any other as much as you. My tender age, which is perhaps my only merit in your eyes, is sometimes ready to put me in despair, fancying it might render you suspicious, that my Love and Vows may be capable of levity. Me thinks it impossible you should have a heart tender enough to reward me for the loss of mine. I am afraid so much passion may importune you, or make me lose your esteem. I know the end of your Love will be the end

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of my life. In fine, I am now wholly a ſtranger to repoſe, and what moſt diſturbs it, is, what ſhould render it moſt happy, namely, the knowing you ſo lovely: Yes, the more I diſcover of that merit which does me ſo much honour, and gave me ſo much joy, the more I perceive the danger of loſing you. Me thinks all the World ſhould be as zealous as I to pleaſe you. I know that I am not worthy of you, and whenever any one asks to ſpeak with me, I tremble for fear it be to tell me, that ſome more accompliſh'd perſon has given you occaſion to ſee how little I am to be valued. True it is, that we are engaged after ſuch a manner, as allows me little occaſion to fear you ſhould marry any other; but to what purpoſe is it to poſſeſs you without poſſeſſing your heart? And I ſhould find a vaſt difference between owing you to your Vows, and owing you to your Love.

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Perhaps you take little delight in receiving such long Letters; but when should I speak to you, unless it be in absence, since that as soon as I see you, an universal disorder reigns over all my senses, and allows me only to think, and renders my bosom a little world of joy? I am mistaken, and I am no less perplext when I see you not. Be you never so far distant, I am so little my self, & I fall into such profound melancholy humours, that it is easie for me to judg I think you always present before my eyes. How often in a day do I commit irregular actions, what unwillingly, what by force? How often am I surpriz'd, and do I surprize my self, in deep gloomy Fits upon no occasion, and in as extravagant Fits of joy? I give you little in giving you my heart, but at least I give it you in its primitive innocence, exempt from all infidelity, and moreover incapable of committing any. All those

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of my Sex are deceitful as well as thoſe of yours, nevertheleſs I ſhould rather die than deceive you, though it were in my power to do it. I love you infinitely beyond all expreſſion; why are not you in the leaſt acquainted with the violence of ſo mighty a ſtock of tenderneſs as I have for you? Why are you not a Tyrant, that I might have the more ſacrifice to offer you? Why have I not an occaſion to die for you? I am perpetually examining all your features, I find my ſelf all over rapture, at the leaſt remembrance of what you have ever ſaid to me. Often in my ſoul I tell you the moſt endearing things that ever were imagined; I wiſh, I deſire you here with me; ſometimes I would purchaſe with all my blood a moments ſight of you; and when the violence of my motions is ſomewhat diſſipated by the failure of my ſenſes, which are ſtill more and more weakned, I can then hardly ſup-

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port the joy, of having miſs'd you at ſuch times as your preſence might have prov'd dangerous. Yes, how diſintereſſed or how generous ſoever you may be; how diſcreet ſoever I may think my ſelf, I tremble every time that my reaſon ſomewhat recollected, ſuffers me to ſee the peril I might have run in the enjoyment of your Company. I bluſh to think of all theſe weakneſſes, and much more at owning them; but likewiſe I find an inexpreſſible Charm, in unfolding to you ſuch ſentiments, as the knowledge whereof may move you both to pity me the more, and love me with the greater fervency.

Your Ladiſhip may perceive, that *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova* had at length attained to that ſtate of tenderneſs, which her Father had ſo much deſired, for the rendring her the more happy in her Marriage.

age. I my ſelf had attained to that, to which he thought I would infallibly come, when I ſhould ſee a perfect affection in the boſom of his Daughter. This affection had likewiſe effected more in me, than all the efforts of my inclination; and though I had for a long while thought it was impoſſible for my paſſion to augment, it is nevertheleſs true, that after theſe Letters, I found it fortified to ſuch a degree, as rendred it quite different from what it was before I had received them.

Thus we were all contented, and I might perhaps ſay, that of all thoſe to whom our union was known, there were very few but to whom it was extream ſatisfactory. The Prince of *M.* who look'd with diſdain upon all *Naples*, quickly found his pride wounded, by the little ſucceſs he had had in his

his Addreſſes to *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova*; nevertheleſs he accuſtomed himſelf to know, that he had no reaſon to complain, ſince our Engagement had got the ſtart of his Love.

But *Mademoiſelle de Mirave* was in the higheſt affliction, and perhaps ſhe had ſome Reaſons to be grieved, and ſuch as were excuſable. *Count Fabelly*, for whom ſhe had that ſort of Sentiments, which I had ſo often demanded of her for my ſelf, was of ſomewhat an extraordinary humour; he was as much afraid of ſeeing the Love of his Rivals at an end, as others are terrified at their perſeverance: He fancied that a retreat of this nature, when it is not occaſioned by hopeful proſpects of being better treated by others, is a ſign of ſmall merit in a Woman; and indeed ſince he had ſeen me entirely

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diſengaged from *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*, his paſſion for her did daily leſſen, and at length he accuſtomed himſelf to ceaſe ſeeing her altogether, as if he had not obſerved in her the ſame advantages he had found and adored during my concurrency.

Mademoiſelle de Mirave was infinitely grieved to ſee this abatement of affection: She is naturally conſtant in her Sentiments, loved *Fabelly* to a high degree, did not, like him, find her ſelf diſpoſed to break off an affection, that had been two years in forming. The Match was conſiderable for her; this affection was known in the World, and it would be much to her diſhonour to be abandoned, after the rumours that had gone abroad. In ſhort, ſhe ſaw it did extreamly import her to acquire a new *Fabelly*'s aſſiduities.

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She having notice one day that I was returned from that Town, where *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova* had her reſidence, ſhe ſent to requeſt of me a Viſit. Accordingly I went to ſee her; found her all in tears, and I cannot deny, ſhe never ſeem'd to me ſo beautiful as in that condition. She told me in what terms ſhe ſtood with *Fabelly*, gave me to underſtand a thouſand Reaſons ſhe had to fear an abſolute rupture. In ſhort, I found ſhe was ſenſibly afflicted; and though ſince our Engagement, I had no other Sentiments for her than thoſe of Eſteem, which ought not be refuſed a Lady, yet it is certain I could not forbear having ſome compaſſion, for a Perſon whom I had tenderly loved, and whoſe affliction I was in ſome ſort the cauſe of.

After having told me ſeveral things

things more, which gave me to understand, how dangerous it was for her to lose *Fabelly*, she made me a Proposal, upon the knowledg I had of that Counts humour, of outwardly renewing my Courtship, and acting again her Lover in appearance, endeavouring to perswade me, that this could be of no ill consequence to my affairs, since that I was engaged after such a manner, as did not suffer me to fear being suspected of having any designs upon her.

You may easily judge, Madam, that I had not that complacence, that was desired of me in this occasion, and I was not willing that my Conduct should be such, as by the rumours it would have occasioned, might have produced but very ill effects, considering the terms I stood in with *Mademoiselle d'Ossanova*. I told *Mademoiselle*

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de Miraye, what ſhe required of me, would be all to no purpoſe, ſince that the ſame reaſon of my Engagement, which was to take away all ſuſpicion, would neceſſarily make known to *Fabelly*, that my new aſſiduities were only a fiction, and that thus ſhe would ſee her ſelf convicted of a ſubtilty and a piece of cunning, which would but the more augment his indifferency to her.

She took in good part what I ſaid, but was never the more ſatisfied. She fell again to pouring forth tears in ſuch abundance, as redoubled my pity, and fortified the intentions I already had, of giving ſome remedy to her troubles. I fell to contriving ſome means as might be favourable to her deſigns; and after I had kept ſilence for a while, I told her, that if *Fabelly*'s knowing that I had only

ly left her, in hopes of being more beloved by another, was sufficient to make her recover him again, I did not doubt of full success, since I had Letters from *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova*, kind enough to prove, that she loved me yet more out of her own inclination, than the will of her Father.

I had then about me the Letters I mentioned. She found 'em to be such as I had asserted, and did not doubt but that they would produce all the effect she stood in need of. Nevertheless she was not yet satisfied; she desired me to write to her after such a manner, as might perswade *Fabelli*, that I loved her still, though I had no longer any hopes; and she made a hundred Oaths, that I should run no risque in so doing, since neither the Letter she would have had me written, nor those from *Mademoiselle d' Os-*

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sanova, should ever go out of her hands.

I shall not entertain you, Madam, with the amazement I was in at this Proposition, nor how I opposed it. I went away without complying any farther with her desires, & she continued in so great an affliction, as gave me great remorse. I could not pardon my self, the having left a Lady in that condition; I askt my self, Why I had not had for her such a complacence, as could have done me no injury, since it would not have been known, and I repented my having refused her this request. On the other side, a certain delicacy, and a kind of horrour, made me long approve of my refusal, and all the night was I pestered with these disquiets.

Towards morning my scruples seem'd to me much stronger than they did the day before; and fear-

ing leſt I might be brought to yield to complacence and pity, I propoſed to my ſelf avoiding the ſeeing *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*, by going out of Town. I was juſt upon the nick of parting from *Naples*, when I ſaw her enter my Apartment. Her arrival at the moment I was upon the point to ſecure my ſelf from the danger of ſeeing her, ſeem'd, me thoughts, to bode me ſome miſchief, and put me in mind of that fatality, I had always found contrary to my deſigns and meaſures. She fell again upon our former diſcourſe; conjured me by the Love I had had for her; wept; made me a thouſand Oaths of being ſecret; ten times would ſhe have fell proſtrate at my feet. At length, Madam, I was overcome, complied with her importunities, did what I ought never to have done, though the denial might have

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coſt her her life. I writ this Letter, which ſhe dictated to me her ſelf, and left it her with thoſe I had received from *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova.*

A LETTER.

IT lyes not in our power to deſtroy a firſt impreſſion, and in ſpite of all my endeavours, I find my heart returns to you again. How little concerned ſoever you may have been at my new Engagement, the niceneſs of my Love makes me believe, that I owe you an Apologie upon that account. No, it was not without regret that I gave my ſelf to another, and this is not the firſt time that obedience to a Parent has coſt a man the happineſs of all his life.

This being done, away ſhe went, and ſent immediately a Servant to

Fabelly, to desire him to come and see her once more. But he was not to be found, and word was brought, that he went away early in the morning with the Prince, who was in love with *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova*, and that they were both upon their return to *Spain*.

This departure of his made *Mademoiselle de Mirave* almost distracted, and in the confusion her surprize and troubles put her, quite forgetting that she had sworn to me a hundred times, never to part from what I had trusted her with, she sent a Messenger in all haste to give it to *Fabelly*.

The Town where *Mademoiselle d' Ossanova* dwelt, as I told your Ladiship, lyes in the way from *Naples* to *Spain*, and the Messenger did not overtake *Fabelly* till he was past that Town. He delivered him the Packet; and now behold,

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Madam, the cruel Criſis of our Story, and the moment ſet down for the producing the moſt fatal miſchiefs that I could have dreaded.

Fabelly read all that was brought him, and the reading thereof produced what we had foreſeen; it revived his former eſteem, and ſo the former Love he had had for *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*. He laid aſide his deſign of going into *Spain*; and to excuſe himſelf to his Friend for his not accompanying him in his Journey, he ſhowed him all that he had read. This gave the Prince much more joy than it did him; he imagined this to be a proof I was no longer his Rival; his hopes revived and grew ſtronger. He went immediately to ſee *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, and becauſe ſhe deſir'd to be excuſed from admitting of his Viſit, he cau-

ſed all to be delivered to her that had been ſent *Fabelly*.

This Count return'd to *Naples*, and as ſoon as he ſaw *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*, ſhe redemanded of him mine and *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*'s Letters. *Fabelly* made her anſwer that he had them not; and owning to her all that had happened, he put her into ſuch a perplexity, as I muſt own to have been great enough, as not to ſuffer me to allow of any ſuſpicion, of her having been acceſſary to my miſery and ruine. I do her juſtice, notwithſtanding all the miſchiefs that have hapned to me upon this account, I muſt only accuſe my deſtiny; thus I do not complain of her for my misfortunes; it is for the averſion ſhe has entertained to a Perſon, who had in no wiſe deſerved it, and for the unjuſt effects of that hatred.

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As ſoon as ſhe had learnt what was become of thoſe Letters, ſhe ſent me word thereof, that I might prevent any further miſchief. I ſhall not tell you of the anxiety I was in. I departed immediately to go to *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, and no ſooner was I out of Town, than that I met with one of her Servants directed to me with this following Letter.

LETTER 3.

ANother Lady ſtands now poſſeſt of your heart and Courtſhip, but you are miſtaken if you imagine that this change of yours does grieve me in the leaſt. Do not think to make Mademoiſelle de Mirave *a ſacrifice of my tears, and the moment I am writing to you in, is the laſt you'l have admittance into my thoughts. Hitherto I have done all to be beloved, but now I'le do all to be hated. Your Inconſtancy as well as your Love has put me out of all mea-*

ſure, and ſince I cannot love you any longer to infinity, I am going to entertain the ſad delight of hating you to exceſs. There is no medium. I know by too long an experience, that you will never be indifferent to me. You have reduced my heart to be for ever a ſtranger to all repoſe, and ſince it is its fate to ſuffer violence, it is at preſent more juſt to try that of an extream hatred, than that of a violent Love. But why all this diſſimulation? I love thee ſtill, ungrateful Man; my tranquillity, my reſentment, hatred, all tells me I do: Yes, my very hatred and I have no ſooner wiſh'd to ſee thee dead, than that I find the ſight thereof would prove mortal to me. Thou ſtill reigneſt over all my ſoul, and that heart which has ſo much loved thee, that baſe heart which no longer eſteems thee, adores thee ſtill. Alas, I am diſtracted! Perhaps in this very

very moment the Wretch is at the feet of——— No, I no longer love thee, and ſhould conſent to thy death, rather than afford thee a ſigh, a tear. But tell me, Doſt thou remember, how I one day gave thee leave, if I became inconſtant, to abuſe the confidence I had in thee, and publiſh, to the loſs of my reputation, even ſuch favours and endearments, as thou hadſt not received? Doſt thou remember, how that ſame day thou gaveſt me an abſolute power over thy life, if ever thou becam'ſt inconſtant? No, do not remember it; it is for me to die, ſince you no longer love me. But why no longer love me? She whom your heart prefers before me, is ſhe more worthy than I of poſſeſſing it? Has ſhe the innocence of having never loved any but you? Do you find in her a tender Age and Love wholly framed to your wiſhes? Does ſhe not

love her ſelf as much as ſhe loves you? Return, return and hear this language, from eyes which you have ſo well taught, and from a mouth which will never grow weary of telling you how much I love you. Lord, to ſee the difference! But yeſterday my happineſs rendred me vain, and I would not have owed you to ought than to your Love; and to day I would make a thouſand ſubmiſſions to owe you to your pity. Out of pity return; or if you love rather effects worthy of your hard heart, come with your indifferency, put a period to my grief; come, make me loſe by that horrible light, a life which you ought to render ſo happy. I ſpeak in vain; he knows, if I died in his preſence, I ſhould die with comfort, and this is ſufficient to make him avoid my ſight. Well! My tender affection, were not you well founded? Had not you for your object the moſt ami-

amiable of all men? and was I to blame for reproaching you perpetually, that you were not paſſionate enough to be worthy of him? You, alas, my Father! what a recompence are you going to receive, for all the pains you took to render him ſo lovely to me! How many regrets, tears, and agonies, do I foreſee will be your lot! Ah, would to God that like him, you would ceaſe to love me too! You, my eyes, who were one of the firſt Cauſes of my Love, you will quickly be rewarded, you are going to be for ever barr'd all light. Heaven, the witneſs of the Oaths I made to love him to my very laſt gaſp, I do not beg you to haſten my death, that I may die faithful to my vows, but haſten it to prevent my deſpair, and that I may die in the piety I owe you. Alas, Sir, how little did I foreſee the condition I am in! I confided in the goodneſs of Heaven. I told my ſelf, that it was too juſt to

inſpire on one ſide ſo violent a paſſion, without inſpiring the like on the other; and I took delight in conſidering all the exceſs of my Love, becauſe I conſidered it as a certain proof that you loved me likewiſe to exceſs. I was continually reckoning up the days that I had ſtill remaining to be united to you entirely. I loved you an hundred times more than all things. I loved you little leſs than my Father, and I liſten'd to him with joy when he told me, I ſhould ſuddenly be allowed to love you more than him. But, it ſeems, I forget to whom I ſpeak. I take as much care to unboſom to you my thoughts, as if you were to take delight in knowing them. Far from pleaſing, you find them troubleſom & nauſeous. Nauſeous! Go, Sir, you will quickly be freed from my Love. I have now but a little time to live; I die, and I may ſay with much more truth than you have told me a hun-

hundred times, that in what moment ſoever I expire, I ſhall expire in loving you more than my ſelf.

This Letter is, without doubt, more paſſionate, than thoſe you have been told of. Nevertheleſs I am certain, you are very far at preſent from entertaining the Idea you had conceived; and now I muſt beſeech you, Madam, to own as well as I do, how unjuſt we are in our opinions of other peoples actions. We judge of 'em with the ſame aſſurance we could do, if we had been in the hearts of thoſe by whom they are done, and as if not to penetrate of our ſelves, were an affront to our underſtanding, we decide without having been informed. Yet how many injuſtices does not this precipitation of ours produce? How many excuſes and ſatisfactions ſhould not we

owe to many Women, if we knew but the motives of their doings! How many Glances, Rendevouzes, Viſits, and Complacences, ſeem criminal to our apprehenſions, which nevertheleſs are only the effects of Chance, Acknowledgement, Civility, or deſigns of reunion of Family and Fortune!

It would be a difficult matter, Madam, to tell you what became of me, after having read the laſt Letter which I ſend you tranſcribed, and that I was informed *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*'s Life was in ſuch extream and eminent danger. You may eaſily imagine it, but it would be difficult for me to expreſs the agony I was in. I found that grief as well as joy is capable of creating great impatience; but if I went with incredible ſpeed to *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*'s Convent, it was only the ſooner to know

know my misfortune. All thoſe I ſaw at my arrival, made me ſufficiently preſage part of what had happened; they melted into tears, and inſtead of that complacence with which they received me before, they either fled from, or elſe look'd upon me with horrour and deteſtation.

I entred the Houſe like a Man diſtracted, and the firſt Object I met with, was the Duke *d' Oſſanova*, who was arrived ſome moments before. His deſpair made him look like a dead man. He ſigh'd as ſoon as he ſaw me, and without having almoſt the power to utter a word; *Finiſh*, ſaid he to me, flinging me his Sword; *Kill the Father, after having taken away the Daughters Life; thy ſecond crime would be much more pardonable than the firſt.*

I durſt no longer flatter my ſelf after theſe words, and the certainty

ty I was in of *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*'s being dead, immediately diſturbing all my reaſon, hurried me to that extremity I ſhould look on with delight, as a teſtimony of my Grief and my Love, if on another ſide I did not conſider it with ſhame, as an action contrary to all Laws. I took up the Duke *d' Oſſanova*'s Sword, and after having employed it to ſuch an uſe as he had not foreſeen, I fell down without ſenſe and knowledge. Help was call'd in, but notwithſtanding all their care, I had loſt the greateſt part of my blood, when my Father arrived at the Place we were at.

Since you only wiſh, Madam, to be inform'd of what paſs'd, and that beſides I am not in a condition calm enough to give you long Deſcriptions, I only tell your Ladiſhip ſuch things as came not poſſibly

bly to your knowledge, and I skip over ſuch Circumſtances as may be eaſily ſuppoſed. Thus I ſhall paſs on without acquainting you with the Sentiments of the two Fathers in this Occaſion, of whom the one had loſt his Daughter, and the other all hopes for his Son. Neither will I tell you all the inſtances I gave of rage and deſpair, when I came in the leaſt again to my ſenſes. I know that our Life is a bleſſing which ought to be precious to us, and that all the deſigns we entertain againſt it are extravagancies and weakneſſes, whereof the remembrance ought to give us remorſe. The knowledge you may have thereof by my ſelf, would be a kind of vanity, which might leſſen me in your eſteem; and beſides, the common report will ſufficiently inform you, if ever affliction was more profound and ſignal.

As

As ſoon as I was capable of any diſcourſe, I told the Duke *d' Oſſanova* the occaſion of the Letter I had written. My deſpair did but too well juſtifie my words, and the proofs he had newly received of the ſincerity and exceſs of my Love, making him find ſtill more misfortune in the death of his Daughter, did compleat his unhappineſs. He did not expreſs his affliction by any mark unworthy of a man of Wit and Courage, but he expreſſed it by ſuch a ſilence and calm, as was an effect much more dangerous for him, than Tranſports and Violences could have been. And indeed his Grief remaining wholly pent up in his own Breaſt, preſerved all its vigour; and he was taken with a Feavour, which by the firſt accidents wherewith it was attended, did ſufficiently make known what was to be expected.

I was in almoſt the like extremity; and though it be true, that they did not entirely deſpair of my life, it is alſo true, that they had but little hopes left of my recovery. The Duke *d'Oſſanova* ſhow'd me ſo much kindneſs, as gave me more confuſion, than his reproaches could have done. He was perpetually conjuring me in the name of his Daughter, to ſecond with my Efforts, the Endeavours that were taken for my health. He cauſed 'em to repreſent to me, that if in Heaven his Daughter could ſtill be ſenſible of what concern'd me, ſhe would find in my deſpair real ſubjects of grief; and when I had one day impatiently demanded, What inſtance of Love he thought fitting I ſhould give *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova*, he ſent me a Letter which ſhe had written to me as ſhe lay a dying, and aſſured me, I ſhould

ſhould find therein what ſhe her ſelf requeſted.

But Oh, the killing Letter, Madam! All therein ſpeaks death. There was at the firſt ſight to be ſeen, a prodigious inequality in all the Characters; the greateſt part of the words were forgotten or but begun. The diſorder therein encreaſed continually, and by the weakneſs and difficulty with which it was ended, one would have judged that *Mademoiſelle d'Oſſanova* expired in finiſhing it. Read that Letter which I ſend your Ladiſhip a Copy of.

LETTER 4.

THE only favour I beg of you now I am dying, is, that you would conſtrain your ſelf to ſome outward appearances of ſadneſs, that ſo you may not irritate againſt you a Fa-

Father, who plac'd all his happineſs in me, and who is going to fall into a torrent of affliction. Endeavour to make him find ſome juſtice in your inconſtancy. Perſwade him, it was only a fiction to try me. Tell him, people had made you believe I was unfaithful before you. In ſhort, it being impoſſible I ſhould love you any longer, ſince I am now a dying, I could wiſh you were ſtill beloved by what was deareſt to me in the world. This was all I deſign'd to ſay to you; nevertheleſs I cannot yet hold my peace. I die; it is you who are the occaſion of my death, and death is the reward of my Love. I did not deſerve you ſhould love me; but ſince you have lov'd me once, perhaps I had not rendred my ſelf worthy of an infidelity. Could you doubt but that an infidelity would be my death; or if my life was diſagreeable to you, had not you received from me favours

and

and endearments ſufficiently obliging, to have put me to a gentler death? Alas! if you had only given out that you were dead, you would have been more ſatisfied yet, ſince my grief would have freed you from me at the very inſtant, and I ſhould have expired without regret, ſince I ſhould have been a ſtranger to your averſion. But will you alwaies hate me? Will you not afford at leaſt my misfortunes, what my Love has not been able to obtain? Are not you to be reclaim'd from your infidelity? You are no leſs guilty of my death, than if you had plung'd a Sword into my heart; nevertheleſs in ſtead of remorſe, I only beg the remembrance of your Oaths. Can you be ſtill ſo cruel, as to refuſe me alſo this requeſt? You cannot be nice and delicate in Love, without finding that after I have loved you ſo much, all Women are unworthy of you; and in caſe you reaſon

in

in the least, you will know, that the obligation you are under of loving me all your life, cannot end by my death, since my death proceeds from you alone. The Nuns are all in tears in my Chamber; my Aunt would give her life to free me out of the condition I am in; yet the Nuns and my Aunt, are they what I have lov'd most in the World? I was but sixteen years old the last week, you know it; but do you know how horrible death is to a person, who never took it into her thoughts, and especially when it comes from such a hand as yours? If these Considerations do not touch you, be at least humane. You cannot doubt but that the loss of your heart, will still afflict me after my death. Have some piety. Do not hinder me from being entirely happy in Heaven. All these reflexions do sufficiently tell you the anguish I am in. Ah! who would have said, that

in dying, and in dying by my Love I should have occasion of urging Reasons to afflict you, instead of urging such as might afford you comfort and support! Yet in the excess of my torments, I am in an extasie, when I contemplate on my having had the happiness, to have my Love sworn to you before the Altars! I perceive, that though it were less lawful, it would not be less evident, and then, my God, in what a condition should I die? I take up my Pen again for the tenth time, and I am afraid it may be the last. My heart would dictate to me a thousand things, but neither my hand nor my eyes correspond with my heart, and what efforts soever I may make, to prolong to my self the pleasure of thinking on you, I find it is time to forget you, if I mean in the last hour God should surprize me thinking only on him. Yes, Sir, I am going to forget you,

as

as well as the reſt of Creatures, but remember too, that there was but one God that could do you any injury in my heart. Do not refuſe me your prayers; notwithſtanding you are ſo changed, I know not what tells me, they will be much more prevailing than thoſe of another perſon. Take a pride in my death, if you pleaſe; but in the name of all things I conjure you, not to take the freedom to love another after me. Do not deceive your ſelf in this caſe. How important ſoever may be the occupations in Heaven, I ſhall know if you perſevere in your injuſtice. But neither be ye afraid; though you ſhould perſevere therein, I will never demand revenge, and perhaps I ſhall not always be to you an uſeleſs Friend. Ah, Sir! How loth have you made me to receive death! Could any cruelty greater be than yours, to put me thus to death, without having taken

 from

from me my Love? Why did you not accustom me to find you less lovely? All that you ever told me, returns into my mind, and fills it full of joy. I cannot yet consent to leave you. I find my self tied to you more than ever. If I lived, I should have at least the pleasure of loving you. The more I think on you, the more I love; and if Heaven out of its goodness does not hinder me from thinking on you any more, I tremble for fear I should die in a desperate condition. Adieu, Sir, love my memory, love my Father.

I fancied I had entirely forgotten you, and was already thinking only on Heaven, when a new reflexion has interrupted me all of a sudden. I am afraid lest you should become too sensible to my death; but do not reproach your self upon that account. Perhaps I am less to be pitied than you imagine. I have committed no

crimes,

crimes, to hinder me from hoping in the mercy of God, and his preſence is well worth the happieſt ſettlement upon Earth. Reſpect a life which he forbids you to diſpoſe of. Have alwaies before your eyes, that a death out of deſpair, in baniſhing you from him for ever, would ſeparate us eternally from one another. Live in this world after ſuch a manner, as may unite us to him immediately after your death; and for your comfort believe, that if he has reſerved to himſelf the making us enjoy the delights and bleſſings, which are owing to lawful engagements, it is either to enjoy them the more perfectly, or to render us the more entirely happy in poſſeſſing him.

If you ſaw me in this moment, Madam, you would find it no hard matter, to imagine the ſtate the firſt reading of this Letter reduc'd

me to. My tears, trouble, fright, and conſternation, all would tell you, that I was in the deepeſt deſpair, and that the diſquiets of *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, were little neceſſary to take from me the thoughts of loving any other. They were no leſs uſeleſs to give me comfort, nevertheleſs I was not yet ſufficiently wretched. The Duke *d' Oſſanova* died, and left me by his death ſuch ſorrows, as a greater grief did not hinder me from feeling in all their extent. I could not reſiſt ſo many remorſes. All my deſigns were again wholly bent upon violence, and people had loſt all hopes of ſaving my life, when on a ſudden my Father addreſſing his ſpeech to me; *Ungrateful Son*, ſaid he to me, with a voice which ſpoke an exceſſive grief, *by what circumſtance of thy life haſt thou found, that I have loved thee*

leſs

leſs than the Duke of Oſſanova *has loved his Daughter? Does not his example make thee tremble for me? Thou art reſolv'd to die! Well, die then, but it will coſt thy Father's life.*

I muſt own, Madam, that theſe words, uttered with all the majeſty of a Father, and of a Father whom I was bound to love by ſo many ſeveral obligations, toucht me, and gave me confuſion. I laid aſide the violent intentions I had entertain'd, and no longer oppos'd the application and effect of Remedies.

Though I have laid before your Ladiſhip, many more favours and endearments in *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, than her enemies had made you imagine, I do not in the leaſt doubt, Madam, but that you excuſe them, ſince the plain account I have given your Ladiſhip, will

certainly ſhow that they were of ſuch a nature, as to merit much more eſteem or pity, than you at firſt thought them worthy of blame. *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova* is wholly juſtified, and I for my part remain in ſhame and confuſion; yes, I repeat it, I am aſhamed of being ſtill alive. What Reaſons ſoever I may have had to preſerve my life, grief ought not to have left me the liberty of liſtning to them; and what aſſurance ſoever I may have had, as I ſaid before, that by the natural courſe of my ſorrows, I cannot live much longer, I ought to reproach my ſelf, for having had the power to live unto this day.

I do not ſpeak to you of *Mademoiſelle de Mirave*; you know to what degree ſhe brought upon her ſelf, the ſlights and diſdain of *Fabelly*, both by ſo many miſchiefs

whereof ſhe is the ſource, and by the artifices ſhe made uſe of for the reclaiming to her that Lover. I am not willing to imagine, that ſhe is returned into *Spain* to follow him. I would rather fain believe, that the averſion which people have conceived to her here, was alone ſufficient to invite her into that Country. I do not lay claim to the continuation of your eſteem; I do not now deſerve it, after the misfortunes I have been the occaſion of; and all I beg of your Ladiſhip is, that you would baniſh thoſe Sentiments you had of *Mademoiſelle d' Oſſanova*, and entertain ſuch a tenderneſs and eſteem for her memory, as are allow'd her by all people in this Place. Adieu, Madam, I can no longer diſcourſe you. What hopes ſoever I may have, that all I have now told your Ladiſhip, will ſuddenly be known in *Spain*, by the

universal knowledge people have thereof in this Kingdom, yet let me beg, you would not delay a minute to tell it to all persons, who are in any-wise Friends or Acquaintance of *Mademoiselle de Mirave.*

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FINIS.

A Catalogue of Plays, Printed for R. Bently.

1. TArtuff, *or the* French Puritan.
2. Forc'd Marriage, *or the* Jealous Bridegroom.
3. Engliſh Monſieur.
4. All miſtaken, *or the* Mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, *or the* Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. Sertorius, *a Tragedy.*
8. Nero, *a Tragedy.*
9. Sophonisba, *or* Hannibal's Overthrow.
10. Gloriana, *or the* Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.
11. Alexander the Great.
12. Methridates, *King of* Pontus.

13. Oe-

13. Oedipus, *King of* Thebes.

14. Cæsar Borgia.

15. Theodosius, *or the force of Love.*

16. Madam Fickle, *or the* Witty false one.

17. The Fond Husband, *or the* Plotting Sisters.

18. Esquire Old Sap, *or the* Night Adventures.

19. Fool turn'd Critick.

20. Virtuous Wife, *or* Good luck at last.

21. The Fatal Wager.

22. Andromeche.

23. Country Wit.

24. Calisto, *or the Chast Nymph.*

25. Destruction of *Jerusalem*, in 2 Parts.

26. Ambitious States-Man, *or the* Loyal Favourite.

27. Misery of Civil War.

28. The Murder of the *D. of Glouceſter.*

29. They-

29. Theyſtis, *a Tragedy.*

30. Hamlet Prince of *Denmark*, *a Tragedy.*

31. The Orphan, *or the* Unhappy Marriage.

32. The Souldiers Fortune.

33. Tamberlain *the* Great.

34. Mr. *Limberham*, *or the* kind Keeper.

35. Miſtaken Husband.

36. Notes of Morocco by the Wits.

37. *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*, *or the* Unhappy Favourite.

38. Vertue Betray'd, or *Anna Bulloign.*

39. King *Leare.*

40. *Abdellazor*, *or the* Moors Revenge.

41. Town Fop, or Sir *Timothy Tawdery.*

42. *Rare an tont*, a French Comedy.

43. Moor of *Venice.*

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